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ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "Ranger's Song"

ANNOUNCER: Out on our National Forests the summer season is now advancing rapidly. Most of the cattle and sheep ranges are filled to capacity with herds and flocks which are fattening on the rich mountain grasses. The forest rangers are busily engaged in getting the stock definitely placed on their proper range allotments within the National Forests and checking upon the herding and salting by the stock owners. Up on the Pine Cone District as we tune in today we find Rangers Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick riding the range over back of the Sux-o-Ranch on a salt ground inspection trip. Here they are -

(SOUND OF HORSES TALKING)

JERRY: By golly, Jim, I never saw the grass any better than this. Get along, Sport.

JIM: Yeh, it's looking pretty good.

JERRY: We'd better look over that salt ground upon the ridge there, Jim.

JIM: Yeh. We'd better see it while we're here. Sam and the other Rapid Creek permittees have just driven in their second load.

JERRY: Sam told me they'd bring in more salt with the stock.

JIM: They'll do it then. - Even with all his scotch-scented ways Sam makes a pretty good range boss.

JERRY: Yeah, he's all right - He makes the other fellows too the best

JIM: On him. (GRUCKLES) All except the widow Mrs. Gay - she
acknowledges his authority as range boss, but otherwise
politely tells him to go to the devil.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Yes, I know. - Too bad they have to use the
same allotment.

JIM: Well, it can't be helped. This is the only place to put
their stock - They'll just have to get along the best they can.

JERRY: Oh, their business relations are pleasant enough. - I guess
they won't trouble us much.

JIM: So, they're - Whoo, Dolly. (HORSES STOP) Jerry, what's that
over at the salt ground? Looks like a bunch of bulls.

JERRY: Wouldn't that jar you? -- It's bulls, all right, Jim. One,
two, three, (PAUSE) six or 'em.

JIM: Yeah, six or 'em. I thought the cattlemen had an agreement about
bu ls this year.

JERRY: Yeah, they all agreed to not put out the bulls 'till July first.

JIM: They sure did - and the Association approved the rule. - Well,
better ride over and see who they belong to.

JERRY: Yeah, - and maybe we'd better ride up to the cow camp and tell
to Sam about it.

JIM: Yaf. Stop alone, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSES)

JERRY: Whoo, Spark. (HORSES STOP) Look, Jim: Most of those cattlemen
are Box B bulls.

JIM: Yep, I see - Ride around that side, Jerry. (SOUND OF ROSSER)

JERRY: (CALLS-OFF) They're all Box-O's, Jim. - Mrs. Gay's stock.

JIM: (CALLS) I thought so. - Jerry, do you wanta go on with the inspection alone? I guess I better go down and see the widow about this. (BULLS BELLOW)

JERRY: Yeah, she oughta get 'em right up - It's a wonder Sam wasn't hollered about it before this.

JIM: Well, from the looks of the tracks she just turned 'em out today.

JERRY: Yeah, it looks that way. - Jim, don't you think I oughta go down to see Mrs. Gay about this?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Meaning what? - That I'm in the wrong frame of mind or that you'd like to see Mrs. Gay's manner loosen?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, I guess it wouldn't make me mad if I happened to see Mary while I'm there.

JIM: (Laughs) Go ahead, son - But don't get so interested in the young woman when that you forget to talk to the widow about these bulls.

JERRY: Don't worry about that Jim.

JIM: Well, top to it. - I reckon I'll go on down by the GCS camp. Dave said a few cattle had been pasturin' around there. - Then I'll go on up to the cow-camp, lookin' over the half grounds on the way.

JERRY: Want me to come on up later?

JIM: No, you'd better stay and see what Mrs. Gay's father says. I've been talking about him. - You may have to help him.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. If you'll help me give 'em a start I'll have some balls come down the road.

JIM: Yeah, sure.

JERRY: Come on. (SOUND OF HORSES RUNNING) (CALLS) See our horses. You - jump, you don't come - back that one, Jim.

JIM: (OFF) They're making back all right, Jerry. Guess I'll better leave 'em now.

JERRY: Yeah, I'll keep it for you for a while, Jim.

JIM: So long.

(SOUND OF HORSES RUNNING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES RUNNING - STOPS TO WALK)

JERRY: (Called) Hello, Mr. Gay, - what you doing out here?

MRS. GAY: Hello, Jerry. - I've been coming to school that school girl. - I wanted to take out to my mail person, but that school girl's not so good with a mile of him.

JERRY: What he do with 'im for you?

MRS. GAY: No, that'll be the school to catch him now. - I want to know him so I'll have a horse I can talk to in any place.

JERRY: Over my head, huh? That'll be the school to catch him so they'll come to you.

MRS. GAY: No, I haven't tried that. - My, I'm not going to go to the school and get up a pitcher of hot water.

JERRY: Okay. Hold it, Spark. (DISMOUNTS) Don't you want the girl?

MRS. G.: No, let him go. - I'll drive out in the car. - There sure
you been keeping yourself, big boy? You've been neglecting me.

JERRY: Yeah, I've been wanting to come over for quite awhile, Mrs. G., but
but I've been so busy. - How's Mary getting along?

MRS. G.: Well enough, I suppose.

JERRY: Does she get lonesome?

MRS. G.: (LAUGHS) Lonesome - she doesn't have time to even think about
getting lonesome, Jerry. - Everyone is crazy about her now, isn't she?

JERRY: Yes, I expect. There is she now!

MRS. G.: She and Paul Homer went out for a ride before lunch time.

JERRY: Paul Homer? I thought that guy was working over on the
power line.

MRS. G.: He is - but he came for a little visit between jobs.

JERRY: Well, that's a heck of a note - after me riding all the way
over here to see her.

MRS. G.: Now is that nice - just when I thought you'd come over to
see me.

JERRY: (GURGL) Well, I did come over to see you.

MRS. G.: (LAUGHS) Too late now, Jerry. You don't worth my worried
feelings, that easily.

JERRY: But I did come over to see you.

MRS. G.: Oh yeah, that's easy to say. (LAUGHS) Just the same, you
man, you'd better be showing a little more spirit, or Paul
Homer's going to take that girl away from you.

JERRY: Yeah?

MRS. G.: Yeah. It makes me sick the way you keep dilly-dallying around. That girl's a jewel, Jerry.

JERRY: Sure she is.

MRS. G.: And I know she's awfully fond of you - but she isn't going to sit around twiddling her thumbs forever, you know.

JERRY: (SOFTENING) But listen, Gayle, you don't understand - you know what an assistant ranger's salary is - and besides I've got my folks to think of, and -

MRS. G.: Well, just the same I'm warning you.

JERRY: (SURLY AGAIN) All right, all right, you're warning me. - Well, I'm warning you - you better get those bulls of yours off the range if you don't want to have trouble with the Livestock Association.

MRS. G.: (SURPRISED) What do you mean, my bulls? I'm keeping them in the pasture 'till July first as we all agreed to do.

JERRY: Well, I just found six of 'em out on the range.

MRS. G.: (HOTLY) You're seeing things cockeyed, young man, - why don't you learn to read brands? - My bulls are west there in that north pasture I just fenced.

JERRY: They might have been once but they're not now. - They're out on that ridge up there in the forest.

MRS. G.: (HOTLY) You're crazy - they're not

JERRY: (HOTHOT) I may be crazy, but your bulls are out on the range. You'd better get 'em in as soon as possible.

MRS. G.: So you're giving me orders, eh?

JERRY: I'm not ordering you - I'm just advising you to do it to save yourself some trouble.

MRS. G.: You're pretty good at taking care of your range. - If you were half as good at some other things you'd be all right.

JERRY: Maybe so, but how about those bulls?

MRS. G.: Well, just to prove those bulls are in the pasture, we'll jump in the car and run out there. Come on -

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(FADE IN - CAR RUNNING - STOPS)

MRS. G.: All right now - I'll soon show you where those bulls are.

JERRY: I don't see any bulls yet.

MRS. G.: You will - they're right up in the upper end of the pasture
(PAUSE)

JERRY: You just fenced this pasture this spring didn't you, Mrs. G.?

MRS. G.: Yes, and I put up a good fence. Did it especially to hold my bulls after the association decided we had to keep them in.

JERRY: Are they all you had in here - nothing else?

MRS. G.: Why, of course. - I had to keep them separated from my herd. I don't want early calves.

JERRY: Yeah, sure, but I was just wondering about all these tracks. Looks like a big herd had just been driven along this old road.

MRS. G.: It certainly does - Sam Riggs and his outfit used to drive through here, but after I fenced this eighty, I noticed they'd have to go around.

JERRY: Well, they just put their second hand in the fence. Maybe they drove through here at that.

MRS. G.: I guess not. - I found the back end up tight. They couldn't get through this way.

JERRY: No, I reckon not. (PAUSE)

MRS. G.: I wonder where those darn critters went to.

JERRY: They went up on that ridge just like I told you.

MRS. G.: Now how could they, Jerry? - (EXCLAIMS) Say - Look at that - MY NEW FENCE TOO.

JERRY: I was beginning to think something like that had happened. (OFF) Look, somebody cut all the wires.

MRS. G.: (COMING UP - HOTLY) Now do you suppose it's a dirty trick like that?

JERRY: Search me. - Look here, Mrs. G. - See? This is where your cattle got cut all right.

MRS. G.: You're certainly right.

JERRY: What'll we do about this fence - patch it up?

MRS. G.: (HOTLY) NO sir. You leave that fence just as it is. - I'm going to make the creepy cove that cut it fix it. - Oh, it makes me see red. - Just because I'm a woman they think they can run over me.

JERRY: Take it easy now, Gayle.

MRS. G.: (ELONGS UP) Take it easy? Didn't I notify those men to stay off my land? - Didn't I put my good money into that fence? You know I did.

JERRY: Sure - sure -

GRB, G.: (MOTHS) Well, I'll show you. Nobody can run over me. I'll
 care the whole gang arrested for trespass and shooting -
 they're all a bunch of thieves - trying to steal my cattle.

GRB, G.: Nobody stole your cattle.

GRB, G.: Well, maybe not, but they're gone.

GRB, G.: Yeah, you'd better get some horses and run 'em in before
 get other boys.

GRB, G.: All right. And that ain't all I'm going to run in. - (MOTHS)
 (MOTHS)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like the widow's on the war path. It'll be
 that longhorn neck week, when Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers
 will be on the air again. This program is a presentation
 by National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the
 United States Forest Service.

WASH
 11:55 PM

